

IDEAS.

A long headed farmer finds plenty of work in the winter.

The attempt to "keep down" the Negro in a depressed and degraded condition injures the white race as much as it does the colored.

No one should be excluded from the church that we expect will be admitted to Heaven.

Stand by your good resolutions and ask God to help you.

Take Notice.

The Department columns will be found on the third page this week.

Rev. Gideon Burgess, the new pastor of the Berea Church, will preach his first sermon Sunday.

The annual dinner of the Berea Church will be held at the Chapel Saturday. All members and those under the watch care of the church are urged to be present.

Harmonia will meet as usual Thursday evening at 6:30.

Rev. W. B. McGarity of London will preach at the Baptist Church on Wednesday night, Jan. 9, and for some days and nights following.

To Our New Readers.

THE CITIZEN is now being mailed to a number of new readers, who have not subscribed for the paper. A kind friend has subscribed for you and the paper will be sent without expense to you for a few weeks. This gift subscription will include the paper for Jan. 31st.

After that, if the CITIZEN is to continue its visits you must send us the subscription price, fifty cents.

We ask you to enjoy the paper while it is coming as a gift, and carefully consider whether you had not best provide for having it come regularly.

Notice how much reading matter there is each week.

Notice what good reading matter is furnished.

Notice that there is something for young and old.

Notice that every number contains items of great value.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The Boers have taken Helvetia on Delagoa Bay railroad, killing 50 British and capturing 200.

The gun boat Scorpion has been ordered to Venezuela, to protect American interests there. A rebellion is expected.

A dispatch from Pekin says that fighting has ceased there, for the present.

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Philippine Commission will authorize the employment of 600 American school teachers on the islands.

The stock of silver in the Philippines is diminishing so rapidly that a money crisis is feared.

Dunn's Review says that nearly a million spindles have been added in the cotton mills of the South, the past year.

Ignatius Donnelly is dead.

The Quay party is victorious in the Pennsylvania legislature.

New York State has recently enacted a stringent law forbidding the selling or giving of tobacco in any form to minors under sixteen years of age.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

The State Board has lifted the small-pox quarantine in Greenup.

Gen. T. T. Garrard of Clay county is ill at Middlesborough.

Our Lecture Course.

We have a new proof of the fact that Berea is securing the best of almost everything, in the distinguished success of the monologue, Christmas Carol, as presented Monday night by Mr. Flowers.

To say that this was the best of the three thus far given here by Mr. Flowers is a safe statement. Many are ready to go farther and say that it is the best of all in the Lyceum Courses for the past ten years. It was a study to observe the rapid change of facial expressions as Mr. Flowers passed from one character to another in Dickens' popular production. Our people ought to see to it that the financial support of the Lyceum Lecture Course is not wanting. In few places is such a course provided so cheaply. Prof. A. W. Hawks is billed for Saturday, Jan. 12th. He is known throughout the country as "The laughing philosopher."



Locals and Personals.

Fine weather and good health.

Mr. Chas. Hanson has returned from Winchester.

Capt. Herd, of Sturgeon, was in town last week.

Dr. C. W. Gould has been here for the holidays.

Miss Mary Samuels has gone to Hamilton, Ohio.

Frank Pigg and Walter Hill were home for the holidays.

Dr. Sams, of Livingston, was in town last week.

Mr. Dodwell is able to be out again after a severe attack of the grip.

Willie Black, of Illinois, has been visiting Miss Julia Rowlett.

Mr. Armp Gad and Miss Louise Casteen, of Disputanta, were married last Thursday.

Mr. Will Hanson and family have been with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hanson.

Mrs. Lizzie Burke is visiting her niece Mrs. Laura Kimbrell, near Blue Lick.

Rev. Geo. Shepherd of Louisville, will preach at the Baptist Church Saturday night, Jan. 5, 1901.

Rufus Coyle and family, Mrs. Argie Woods and children are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Coyle.

Have you a cold? A dose of Cousen's Honey of Tar at bed-time will remove it. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Miss Jessie Rogers has been suffering from a serious throat trouble. She is resting comfortably now at the hospital.

The great increase of students makes it necessary to have two overflow gatherings for College Prayers—two rooms full besides the Chapel.

Tutor Karpinski is studying at Cornell University and recently represented that school in a chess contest against Brown and Pennsylvania in New York City.

The Glendale Sunday School, at Black Valley, had a Christmas tree last Friday evening. The tree was nicely decorated and the children received many nice presents.

John Stevens, whose serious illness was noted in our last issue, died last Saturday and was buried at Scafold Cane Church. He was the father of Mrs. J. J. Brannaman and Mr. J. W. Stevens.

S. F. Reynolds, the saddle-maker, whose saddles were so much admired at the Commencement Fair, has moved to Berea and opened a saddle, harness, and shoe shop on the Walnut Meadow pike near the corner of Mt. Vernon street.

The disposition of children largely depends upon health. If they are troubled with worms, they will be irritable, cross, feverish, and perhaps seriously sick. White's Cream Vermifuge is a worm expeller and tonic to make them healthy and cheerful. Price 25 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

There can be no doubt that the well selected assortment of jewelry, sterling silver toilet articles, pictures, china and glassware, watches, clocks, and musical instruments, displayed in the store of T. A. Robinson, Jeweler, Main St., is the choicest and best stock of its kind ever offered for sale in Berea.

The Watchnight Service was a great success. Friends had provided coffee for the large audience. Prof. Jones' account of the progress of Christ's Kingdom for the last 100 years was of thrilling interest, and the handshaking at the close was greatly enjoyed. We are glad to give our readers a full report, on page 4, of the sermon by Pres. Frost.

James D. Fletcher of Colchester, Ill. in renewing his subscription to the Citizen, writes: Fifty years ago, about one and a quarter miles from your office on Dec. 12 I was married to my present wife. We have just celebrated our golden wedding. I was very sorry to hear of the accident to Bro. John G. Lee. I trust he is well again. Give my love to John Kirby and wife, and to the family of F. Gallaway.

Madison County.

The Richmond and Madison County Colored Fair Association have organized for 1901, and elected the following officials: E. M. Embry, Pres.; John Fife 1st, and Sam Phelps 2nd Vice presidents; Dr. J. A. Gwynn, Treas.; J. D. H. White, Sec.; F. B. Stone, Ass't. Sec.; S. A. Burton, Advertising Ag't.

Mr. A. P. Settle, formerly a resident of Berea and an attorney, has formed a partnership with Mr. Henry Hazlewood a prominent lawyer of London. Their office is over Taylor's hardware store in Richmond.

The Banker Cedar Co., of Valley View has changed its name to W. J. Roberts & Co., W. J. Roberts of Frankfort, having acquired an interest in the business.

Mrs. Lizzie Rock, wife of Editor Samuel F. Rock of the Register (Richmond), died suddenly last Thursday night, caused by a stroke of paralysis. Mrs. Rock was an esteemed Christian woman of gentle nature, and is mourned not only by her immediate family but all who had come under her influence.

The Christmas tree at the Baptist Church, Wallacetown, was a grand success. The musical and literary exercises on the occasion were of a high order of merit.

Mrs. Amie Smith, formerly of Richmond, died at the home of her son, J. N. Bush, in Louisville, Dec. 27th. Age 70 years. The remains were brought to Richmond for interment.

The report that County Judge Million had granted liquor license to Alex Pence, to do business on the Madison County side of the Kentucky river opposite Ford, is false. The people of the community generally are opposed to the rum business and Judge Million will decline to override their will.

At the examination for scholarships in the Normal Department of the State College, held in the office of Supt Wagers on Monday, Misses Rhoda Gilbert and Eulah Jackson took the examinations.

Revs. W. A. Ryalls and C. H. Poage, of Kirksville, preached farewell sermons last Sunday.

Jack Boswell and Miss Minnie Elkins of White's Station were married last Thursday at the home of the bride by Rev. Henry McDowell of Cynthiana.

For broken limbs, chilblains burns, scalds, bruised shins, sore throat, and sores of every kind, apply Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will give immediate relief and heal any wound. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

New Years Reception.

Several of these took place, this year in Berea, on a more or less extensive scale. The present purpose is to refer to the great one at Howard Hall, from 6:30 to 9:30, at night. The denizens of the famous old hall "did themselves proud." Prof. Jones was Chairman of the committee of arrangements, ably seconded by a corps of students. Elegant invitations were sent to some two hundred outside, and all seemed to respond. They were welcomed in royal style. Band music was a feature of the occasion. An elegant collation was served, at tables extending the entire length of the hall, on third floor. The rooms of the small army of young men resident in the hall, were open to visitors, and they were found in superb condition, many being elegantly decorated. Bravo, Howard Hall boys!

Berea Teachers.

It seemed impossible to get all Berea's teachers together, but the above group shows the majority of them.

Prof. Penniman was absent on a mountain excursion when the picture was taken, and Mrs. Julia S. Hunting was detained by illness. Prof. H. N. Jones was also absent, as well as Misses Partidge, Burnam, Millham, and Shoemaker.

Beginning at the right, with the persons seated, is Prof. Marsh, Principal of the Academic Department. Next him is Mrs. Gould, Librarian—graduate in the class of '97. Next her is Mrs. Jennie Lester Hill, teacher in the Model Schools, and also a graduate, of the class of '79.

Next is Father Fee, who is now confined to his chair. At his left is his daughter, Laura Fee Embree, and Mrs. Yocum, with whom many of our readers are acquainted.

Next is Prof. Dinsmore, the new head of the Normal Department. Professor and Mrs. Lodwick, of the Music Department, and Miss Gale, another teacher in the Model Schools. At the left of them is Tutor Todd, teacher of Physics, Chemistry and Elementary Science, and Mr. Osborne, the Treasurer.

Beginning again at the right, back of Principal Marsh, stands Mr. Koyle, the College Carpenter; Prof. Mason, head of the Department of Agriculture and Forestry; Miss Robinson, the Lady Principal; Prof. Dodge, immediately behind Father Fee.

The next lady in this row is Miss Alice K. Douglas, of the Model Schools.

Next stands Dr. Fairchild, the Vice-President; Mrs. Putnam of the Normal Department; Miss Booth of the Model Schools; and Mr. Teeters, Farm Foreman and Engineer.

Returning to the right of the picture, standing highest of all, is Prof. Raymond, Superintendent of the Extension Department; Miss Van Horne, Superintendent of the Hospital; Miss Stokes of the Department of Domestic Science, Miss Miller of the Model Schools.

Next to the vine covered pillar stands President Frost. At his left Superintendent King of the Manual Training and Wood-work Department. At his right Miss Winch, teacher of the Sub-Academic School. Beside Miss Winch stands Miss Abbie S. Morrow, Matron of the Ladies' Hall.

This group of workers represent many of the foremost schools in the land, and all sections of it, and the leading religious bodies. The institution is proud and satisfied in them, and they in one another. And they all unite in a cordial invitation to every friend to make us a visit.

Young people do well to have such teachers as these.

In sluggish liver, Herbine, by its beneficial action upon the biliary tracts, renders the bile more fluid, and brings the liver into a sound, healthy condition, thereby banishing the sense of drowsiness, lethargy, and the general feeling of apathy which arise from disorders of the liver. Price 50 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

Time Table in Effect Sept. 1, 1900.
Going North. Train 6, Daily.
Leave Berea.....11:49 a. m.
Arrive Richmond.....12:20 a. m.
Arrive Paris.....3:15 p. m.
Arrive Cincinnati.....6:00 p. m.
Going South. Train 1, Daily.
Leave Berea.....1:22 p. m.
Arrive Livingston.....2:18 p. m.
J. W. STEVENS, Ticket Agent.

Read, Reflect, Act!

Mr. Covington, of Covington & Mitchell has purchased the interest of Mr. Mitchell, deceased, from the administrators, to take effect January 1, 1900. In order to meet our obligations by Jan. 1st., it will be necessary for us to do the greatest business in our career. Our entire stock in this short time must be converted into money, and we know of no better way to bring about this result quick than

Extraordinary Low Prices.

After a careful consideration we concluded to name such Low Prices on every item in our store as will cause people to wonder.

It has taken a great deal of courage to do this at the very beginning of the Fall Season. But, we figure on doing a tremendous volume of business and at the same time feel that by giving mighty values that we are going to make many new and lasting Customers and increase the prestige of this store for the future. Now, we know, everybody knows that we always have given the best merchandise the market affords. For the Fall our stock of

Men's and Boy's Clothing, Furnishings, Hats, and Shoes

Is better, stronger and More Original than ever before. Of course, the early buyers will get the cream of selection and those who grasp the opportunity now will show their good judgement.

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E. B. McCOY, Dentist, Berea, Kentucky.

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Call and see our line before buying elsewhere.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Interesting Events Taking Place Throughout the Country Brevity and Given in a Condensed Form.

MONDAY.

Kimberley is cut off by Boer raiders. Provisions are at famine prices. A score of people have been marked for assassination by Italian socialists.

It is now probable that Denmark will sell her West Indian possessions to the United States.

Since the bankruptcy law went into effect in August, 1898, there has been 5,000 petitions filed.

At New Haven, Ct., the bicycle which Congressman Amos J. Cummings was riding slipped on a wet pavement. Mr. Cummings sustained a double fracture of the left leg.

The kidnapers of young Cudahy wrote a letter to the father, E. A. Cudahy, the millionaire packer, threatening to kill his son unless he withdraws his offer of \$25,000 for their capture.

Samuel McDonald, who shot and killed Frank H. Morris, auditor of the treasury for the war department, a week ago, and then fired a shot into his own body, died in the emergency hospital, Washington.

There were 13 failures in London, involving 28 stock exchange members. It is feared that others will be forced to quit. The crash was brought about by the big banking firm, of which Marquis of Dufferin is chairman. Many of the nobility lost all they possessed.

SUNDAY.

The rebellion in Ashanti is ended. A furious blizzard is raging in Nebraska.

A change in the Spanish ministry is inevitable.

There are 500 cases of smallpox at Winona, Minn.

An effort will be made to have Arizona admitted as a state.

Maj. Mite, famous dwarf, died at the New York hospital of a complication of diseases.

Stonewall J. De France, a noted forger, has been paroled by the governor of Michigan.

Imports from the United States into Denmark has trebled since 1896, and now exceeds \$20,000,000.

Two German tourists were killed while ascending Mount Schwarzenberg without a guide. They fell into an abyss.

Sheriff Kennedy, Wm. Kyle and United States Marshal Dansby were killed at Abbeville, S. C., in a fight that started over a game of cards.

The emperor has instructed the Chinese plenipotentiaries to sign the preliminary joint note, but to endeavor to get the best possible terms.

There were many captures of insurgents as the result of scouting throughout Luzon. In small engagements several Filipinos were killed.

The United States minister, L. S. Swenson, has informed the Danish government that the United States offers 12,000,000 kroner for the Danish Antilles, and will not give more.

Recent advices from Lord Kitchener shows that no progress has been made against the Boer invaders in Cape Colony. Two more commandos have entered. The British post at Heloch, a strong position, was captured by the Boers. About 50 were killed and wounded and 200 were taken prisoners.

SATURDAY.

Lord Roberts arrived at Gibraltar. Vester Guffin, colored, who killed Georgia King, was hanged at Danville, Va.

Lieut. Col. Sprogs and Capt. Guest, of the Yeomanry, in South Africa, have resigned.

The empress dowager secretly appointed a new emperor, with the title of Tung Hsu. He is a 15-year-old boy.

The Japanese training ship *Tsu Kihima* went to the bottom and all hands, numbering 121 souls, were lost.

Wm. H. Smythe, who was mysteriously shot at Indianapolis, is much improved and it is thought he will recover.

Geo. Fuller, colored, was lynched near Marion, Ala. He was charged with burning the barn of Dennis Cummings.

Fourteen keepers of "dives" and gambling houses were indicted by the grand jury at Chicago. One of them is a state senator.

Many vessels were wrecked in the British channel by a hurricane, and a number of lives were lost. The storm was the worst in many years.

A mail pouch containing \$100,000 in negotiable papers and an unknown amount of money was stolen from the passenger station at Wyandotte, Mich.

Frank Walden Pettigrew, son of Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, was assaulted by an usher in a Kansas City theater and seriously injured.

While thawing out dynamite in a railroad camp near Durbin, W. Va., the stuff exploded. Six men are dead and several others are not expected to live.

Gen. DeWet's attempt to break through the British lines in Cape Colony to the south was frustrated and he is now reported at Senekal with a large commando.

The arrest of Mrs. Carrie Nation on the charge of smashing furniture in a hotel barroom in Wichita, Kan., is likely to cause an anti-liquor law in that county. The woman refuses to accept bail.

FRIDAY.

Secretary Hay has recovered from his indisposition and is again at his desk.

The German reichstag will pass a bill to protect agrarian and commercial interests.

Twenty maddened female prisoners in the jail at Brooklyn assaulted and severely injured the matron and warden of the prison.

Lord Kitchener has succeeded in holding the invading Boers in check, but has not yet been successful in expelling them from Cape Colony.

The estimated yield of wheat in the United States during 1900 is placed at 522,229,505 bushels, the area actually harvested being 42,495,385 acres.

Mrs. Schneiderwind positively identified a photograph of Pat Crowe as a picture of her tenant, the light-complexioned man who rented the old house used as Eddie Cudahy's prison.

Emperor Kwang Su objects to reducing the forts, and also to allowing permanent legation guards in Peking, which, he seems to think, could be made sufficiently large at any time it was desired to menace the court itself.

Sidney Miller, the kidnaped grandchild of ex-United States Attorney General W. H. Miller, was found at a house in Lawrence, Ind., with his mother. The child was taken in charge by the Millers and returned to his home in Indianapolis.

Wm. H. Smythe, secretary of the Grand Masonic lodge of Indiana, was found in his office in Indianapolis with a bullet in his head. He can not live. Smythe says a blonde woman, on being refused the use of the telephone, shot him. As no trace of the woman can be found, the theory is advanced that Smythe attempted suicide.

WANTS STATEHOOD.

An Effort to Be Made to Have the Territory of Arizona Admitted to the Union as a State.

New York, Dec. 31.—Gov. Nathan O. Murphy, of Arizona, is at the Holland house, and will go to Washington to continue his efforts to have that territory admitted as a state.

"We have a hard fight on our hands," he said, "but we propose keeping it up until success crowns our efforts. Our people want self-government and the advantages of statehood. Freedom is the underlying sentiment which urges us on. We believe it entirely wrong for a people to be taxed, directly or indirectly, without representation. We are tired of territorial vassalage."

"Arizona has a population of more than 122,000, having increased over 100 per cent in the last decade. We have more people and more money than 23 of the states had when they were admitted."

PROPERTY OF THE STATE.

The Grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and the Ground Surrounding It Deeded to the Governor.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 31.—After many years of effort, the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, mother of Abraham Lincoln, is now the property of the state.

Gov. Mount has received the deed for the ground in the immediate vicinity of the grave in Spencer county in behalf of the Nancy Hanks Memorial association.

The ground is to be turned into a park, and a custodian will be put in charge and much beautifying done. The deed is from the commissioners of Spencer county.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Dec. 29.		
CATTLE—Common	\$2.50	@ 3.75
Extra butchers	4.80	@ 4.85
CALVES—Extra	5.00	@ 5.05
HOGS—Choice packers	5.00	@ 5.05
Mixed packers	4.85	@ 4.95
SHEEP—Extra	3.25	@ 3.50
LAMBS—Extra	5.10	@ 5.25
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3.90	@ 4.30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	70	@ 79
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	38	@ 38
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	24 1/2	@ 24 1/2
RYE—No. 2	53	@ 53
HAY—Best timothy.	14.50	@ 14.50
PORK—Family	12.87 1/2	@ 12.87 1/2
LARD—Steam	6.77 1/2	@ 6.77 1/2
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	14	@ 14
Choice creamery	28 1/2	@ 28 1/2
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	3.00	@ 3.25
POTATOES—Per brl.	1.65	@ 1.75
TOBACCO—New	10.00	@ 11.25
Old	12.00	@ 14.75

Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3.65	@ 3.80
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73	@ 75 1/2
No. 3 spring.	65 1/2	@ 67 1/2
CORN—No. 2	37	@ 37
OATS—No. 2	22 1/4	@ 23 1/4
RYE	51	@ 52
PORK—Mess	11.00	@ 11.12 1/2
LARD—Steam	6.85	@ 6.90

New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3.60	@ 3.90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73	@ 75 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	37	@ 37 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	22	@ 23
RYE	51	@ 52
PORK—Family	14.50	@ 15.00
LARD—Steam	7.25	@ 7.25

Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73	@ 73 1/2
Southern	70	@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	42 1/4	@ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	28	@ 28 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	4.75	@ 5.00
HOGS—Western	5.50	@ 5.60

Louisville.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4.25	@ 4.70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	70	@ 70
CORN—Mixed	41	@ 41
OATS—Mixed	26	@ 26
PORK—Mess	12.00	@ 12.00
LARD—Steam	7.00	@ 7.00

Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	73 1/2	@ 73 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	38	@ 38 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	24 1/2	@ 24 1/2

TWO IMMENSE EGGS.

Discovered in the Island of Madagascar by a German Traveler and Scientist.

A German traveler and scientist, George Krause, has just returned from the island of Madagascar, where he was engaged for some 16 months in scientific researches. Madagascar, now a French possession, is the largest island in the world, and though situated off the southeastern coast of Africa, its fauna is quite different



GIGANTIC OSTRICH EGGS.

from that of the African continent. Whilst Africa possesses unnumbered herds of zebras, antelopes, elephants, etc., none of these animals exist, or ever existed, on the island of Madagascar. On the other hand, however, this country seems to have been the original birthplace of the ostrich. Mr. Krause went to the island for the special purpose of investigating the question as to what kind of ostriches were the forefathers of the present bird; and from numerous alluvial remains and bones he discovered in the interior of the island, he concludes that the original ostrich must have been a bird of unusually large size. He also succeeded in securing, with the assistance of a number of natives, two well-preserved eggs of this prehistoric bird, and, though there are in all 18 eggs of this kind in various museums of Europe, yet those found by Krause are the largest ones known. The picture represents the traveler holding these two eggs with an ordinary ostrich egg and a chicken egg of an average size. The magnitude of the two aepyornis eggs—as they are called—may be gathered from the fact that it would need the meat of eight normal ostrich eggs or 185 chicken eggs to fill the interior of one of those gigantic ostrich eggs. Should the comparison be extended to pigeon eggs, there would be needed no less than 20,308 of the latter class. Krause states that the quantity of eggs laid by a hen of this gigantic breed consisted of from 15 to 20 eggs. Supposing it would consist of only one dozen, this would be sufficient to feed a whole village of 2,215 persons, each one receiving a quantity equal to that of three chicken eggs. As to the prices of these eggs, it may be mentioned that one of them was purchased by the Warbrunner museum at 20,000 marks, or about \$5,000. As a rule, however, they are much cheaper. The Budapest museum bought one in 1894, the price of which was only 1,300 florins, or about \$546. The Provincial museum, of St. Omer, in France, owns two of these eggs, for which it paid 1,500 francs (\$300) apiece.

The eggs were for the most part found in rivers and streams, having doubtless been carried away by floods and deposited on the bottom of rivers, and thus preserved from decay and injury.—Philadelphia Record.

Was Proud of Her Son.

There once lived in a western village a woman who was anxious that her only son should achieve some great success in life, and lift himself above "the common run of men," as she said. When she reflected that even the presidency of the United States is within the reach of the poorest and humblest boy, she did not wish her son to fall far below that station in life. Long after the son was a man, an acquaintance met the ambitious old lady, then visiting in a distant state, and asked her about her son's success in life. "Well," she said, cheerily, "he ain't the president of the United States yet; he ain't a senator, nor yet a congressman, nor governor, nor mayor; but I tell you he's the very best blacksmith there is in our part of the country. Indeed he is!"

Little Girl Was Diplomatic.

Some young people are possessed of considerable diplomacy. A confectioner relates that one day a little girl entered his shop and, laying down a dime, asked for ten cents' worth of candy. "Its for papa," she explained. "I want to surprise him when he comes home." The man proceeded to dig out some mixtures, when the little girl interposed. "Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just like caramels." "But I thought these were for papa," the candy man remarked. "I know," replied the little girl, "but when I give them to papa he'll just kiss me and say 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels.'"

New Evidence of Disease.

Little four-year-old Harry was not feeling well, and his father suggested that he might be taking the chicken pox, then prevalent. Harry went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning he came downstairs looking very serious, and said: "You're right, papa; it is the chicken pox. I found a feather in the bed."

ON CATARACT'S BRINK.

Unique Way in Which a Canadian Lumberman Was Saved from Almost Certain Death.

The horrible experiences of one who has been swept away by some merciless current and finds himself at last at the brink of a cataract, may possibly be imagined; but there are few who survive to relate to us the particulars of such an ordeal. Yet there is one instance where a



SWUNG IN BY A DERRICK.

man was saved at the very edge of the falls.

There are few more imposing bits of scenery in Canada than where the Ottawa river pours thundering and foaming over the Chaudiere falls. When the water in the river is low, as it is in the autumn, there is a fall of about 40 feet, but when the river is swollen by melting snows in the spring the apparent depth of the fall is lessened. At any time the rush and swirl of the great river over this ledge of rock is a sight worth seeing.

In some places the water pours over in a dense and irresistible volume, while at other points a shallow stream will spray itself over a higher table of rock.

On the upper Ottawa are floated booms of logs which feed the large lumber industries of that region. Handling these wet logs is a treacherous business, and it is easy to lose one's foothold and fall into the swift stream. Accidents of this kind occur frequently. The only case that did not have a fatal termination is the one referred to here.

The man was busy forking these logs with those sharp prongs used to swing them about and draw them in, when he missed his footing and fell into the river. Though a strong swimmer, he could not withstand the current, and he was swept out into the stream and on toward the falls. Nearing the falls he found himself still conscious, and it happened that he was being floated over one of those tables of rock where the water was so shallow that he felt himself touch. He struggled to regain his feet and was successful in so doing, so that he found himself standing in, perhaps, a foot of rushing water, at the brink of the cataract, a great torrent surging by him on every hand.

But it seemed hopeless. He saw no way of getting to shore, and no one from the shore could get to him. Many people on the banks of the river were watching him and trying to study out some plan to save him. Finally a large derrick was brought to bear, such as is used in building operations. A great arm with ropes was swung out over the torrent, and when the man had fastened himself securely with the ropes, he was raised up high and swung in, just as a large stone would be raised in constructing a building.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE SPIDER DANCED.

When the Clever Little Insect Couldn't Eat It Engaged in Having Fun All by Itself.

An astonished but apparently satisfied spider was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigations is told in Public Opinion:

While watching some spiders one day it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider that had long been feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web.

The owner was at one edge of his web and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line. The sound was traveling.

He ran to the center of the web in hot haste and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding. Then, taking another thread along with him as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but was strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to him.



WHILE THE STARS SHALL SHINE.

While the stars shall shine above us In their beauty and delight, We shall dream of those who love us With their spirits pure and white.

While the stars shall shed their luster O'er the mansion and the cot, Where the sweetest memories cluster, They will never be forgot.

While the stars shall shine in glory Where the angels long have trod, We shall hear the wondrous story Of the Fatherland of God.

While the stars shall shine forever, Oh, how mystical and deep Is the love no fate can sever Of the Shepherd for His sheep.—Moses Gage Shirley.

THE COST OF FRICTION.

An Important Item to Be Reckoned with in the Social Machine—The Oil of Kindness.

The trade in lubricants is larger than many of us know. To make the wheels turn easily upon the axle without groaning and without wear, to adjust the parts of the machinery so nicely that they shall all work to one common end and keep the bearings smooth with oil—these are important problems for the machinist and the engineer. The chemist of the Pennsylvania railroad told the students of one of our universities not long ago that friction cost his company about \$1,000,000 every year.

What it costs the churches every year who shall have skill enough to reckon? It is not to be told in mere figures of money lost or wasted. It must rather be reckoned in terms of wasted opportunity, disheartened workers, energy that might have accomplished great results for Christ frittered away in mere keeping the peace and holding ground already won. Does not the noise of friction often warn the world away from the doors of the church?

Everyone knows how difficult the problems of social friction are. Our whole system of conventionalities, with its established forms and smooth phrases, its civilities and insincerities, is little more than a lubricant upon the bearings of the social machinery to keep them cool enough to do their work. For friction generates heat, and heat makes social ease impossible. It is pitiful, when we think of it, that so large an amount of energy is needed in keeping the organism from wearing itself out by mere attrition, but the experience of even very selfish society proves that the energy is well invested.

Social forms and conventions are necessary also in church life; but there is no reason why they should be either complicated or insincere. Social ease depends upon self-respect and respect for the rights of others. In the intercourse of church life these ought not to be difficult, for here all are alike the children of God and heirs in common of the inheritance of saints. But the real differences that exist—differences of disposition, training, intellectual and spiritual attainment, of wealth, taste, leisure, power of leadership and desire for prominence—must be allowed for and are only too apt to become sources of friction. We could not spare these differences, however we might wish to modify them, for they make the variety of our church life, the diversity of gift which the One Spirit uses; but we can feel the need of lessening friction at all points of meeting, the absolute necessity for the smooth oil of courtesy and kindness, the banishment of all gritty particles of selfishness, pride, ill-temper and overweening haste of taste. For energy that is spent on needless friction is wasted energy and, with its difficult and glorious task of witness-bearing, the church of Christ has no energy to waste.

Most quarrels and misunderstandings have their rise from very little things. Hatreds begin as mere dislikes, disagreements as to differences of taste, about which there should be no disputing. Here, then, comes in the use and blessing of those social lubricants which the church can no more do without than the world. A little consideration, a drop or two of courtesy, a pouring in the oil of kindness at the right time and place, add much, and in many cases would add more, to the respect in which men hold the church and to the efficiency of its work in the world.—Boston Congregationalist.

The Beauty of the Spirit.

Beauty in woman never loses its charm for men, but as they grow older other qualities come to have a stronger attraction. Sympathy, insight and that marvelous combination of tenderness and strength that characterize the best women are prized above all else. You look at a woman 25 years after her wedding, and the girlish grace and bloom have long since departed. The marks of the years cannot be concealed, but her husband hardly notes or thinks of what your stranger eye has fastened on if he has found in her his soul's true mate. Every year has elicited new beauties in her nature, and she is far more to him than she was on the wedding day. Such facts as those make us believe in immortality. It is not possible that the maturity and beauty of the spirit shares in the fate of the body. You have only to love deeply and passionately for a term of years to have your skepticism banished by the contact of your soul with some ultimate spiritual realities.—Boston Watchman.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Bible for January 6, 1901—Jesus at Bethany.

(Prepared by M. C. L.)

THE LESSON TEXT.—(Matthew 26:6-13.)

6. Now when Jesus was at the house of Simon the leper, an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head at meat.

7. But when His disciples had indignation, saying: "To what purpose is this waste?"

8. For this ointment might be sold for much, and given to the poor.

9. When Jesus understood it, He said unto them: "Why trouble ye the Lord? He hath wrought a good work on me."

10. For ye have the poor always with you; but Me ye have not always.

11. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for me, that I should be anointed unto the day of my burial.

12. Verily I say unto you: Whosoever doeth this unto Me, though he should buy all the ointment of the world, he should not lose his reward.

13. Then one of the 12, called Judas Iscariot, who was the chief of the priests, said unto them: "What purpose giveth me, and I will deliver him up to them? And they covenanted with him for silver."

14. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray Him.

15. And said unto them: "What purpose giveth me, and I will deliver him up to them? And they covenanted with him for silver."

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31. And said unto them: "What purpose giveth me, and I will deliver him up to them? And they covenanted with him for silver."

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33. And said unto them: "What purpose giveth me, and I will deliver him up to them? And they covenanted with him for silver."

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35. And said unto them: "What purpose giveth me, and I will deliver him up to them? And they covenanted with him for silver."

36. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray Him.

37. And said unto them: "What purpose giveth me, and I will deliver him up to them? And they covenanted with him for silver."

38. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray Him.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.—Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Hillo, Shamblerlain!" hailed Brent, riding up to the train.

"Howdydo? Howdydo? No swap!" responded Jake, after the Indian fashion. "Bing my eyes! ef you're not the mate of all mates. I'm glad to see Pax vobiscum (Peace be with you. A Latin salutation he had learned among the Catholics), my dilly! You look as fresh as an Apple! Pleased be the Lord!" continued he, relapsing into Mormon slang, "who has sent thee again, like a brand from the burning, to fall into paths of pleasantness with the Saints as they wander from the Promised Land to the mean section where the low-lived Gentiles ripen their souls for hell."

Droll farrago! but just as Jake delivered it. He had the slang and the swearing of all climes and countries at his tongue's end.

"Hello, stranger!" said he, turning to me. "I allowed you was the Barrownight."

"It's my friend, Richard Wade," said Brent.

"Yours to command, Brother Wade," Jake says hospitably. "Ef you turn out prime, one of the out and outers, like Brother John Brent, I'll tip 'em the wink to let you off easy at the Judgment Day, Gentle or not. I've booked Brother John for Paradise; Brother Joseph's got a white robe fur him, blow high, blow low!"

We rode along beside Shamblerlain.

"What did you mean just now?" asked my friend. "You spoke of Wade's being the baronet."

"I allowed you wouldn't leave him behind."

"I don't understand. I have not seen him since we left you in the summer. I've been on to California and back."

"The Barrownight's ben stoppin' round in the valley ever since. He seems to have a call to stop. Perhaps his heart is teched, and he is goan to jine the Lord's people. I left him down to my ranch, ten days ago, playing with a grizzly cub, what he's trying to make a gentleman of. A poety average gentleman it'll make, too."

"Very odd!" says Brent to me. "Biddulph meant to start for home, at once, when we parted. He had some errand in behalf of the lady he had run away from."

"Probably he found he could not trust his old wounds under her eyes again. Wants another year's crust over his scarified heart."

"Quite likely. Well, I wish we had known he was in the valley. We would have carried him back with us. A fine fellow! Couldn't be a better!"

"Not raw, as Englishmen generally are?"

"No; well ripened by a year or so in America."

"Individuals need that cookery, as the race did."

"Yes; I wish our social cookery were a thought more scientific."

"All in good time. We shall separate sauces by and by, and not compel beef, mutton and turkey to submit to the same gravy."

"Meanwhile some of my countrymen are so under-done, and some so over-done, that I have lost my taste for them."

"Such special dyspepsia is soon cured on the plains. You will go back with a healthy appetite. Did your English friend describe the lady of his love?"

"No; it was evidently too stern a grief to talk about. He could keep up his spirits only by turning his back on the subject."

"It must needs have been a weak heart or a mighty passion."

"The latter. A brave fellow like Biddulph does not take to his heels from what he can overcome."

By this time we had reached camp.

Horses first, self afterwards, is the law of the plains travel. A camp must have—

1. Water.
2. Fodder.
3. Fuel.

Those are the necessities. Anything else is luxury.

The mail party were a set of jolly rangers. Jake Shamblerlain was the type man. To encounter such fellows is good healthy education. As useful in kind, but higher in degree, as going to a bear show or a lion and tiger concert. Civilization mollifies the race. It is not well to have hard knocks and rough usage for mind or body eliminated from our training.

We joined suppers with our new friends. After supper we sat smoking our pipes, and talking horse, Indians, bear-fights, scalping, and other brutal business, such as the world has not outgrown.

CHAPTER VII.

ENTER, THE BRUTES!

The sun had just gone down. There was a red wrangle of angry vapors over the mounds of mountain westward. A brace of travelers from Salt Lake way rode up and lighted their camp fire near ours. More society in that lonely world.

Not attractive society. They were a sinister-looking couple of hounds. A lean wolfish and a fat bony dog.

One was a raw-boned, stringy chap—as gaunt, unkempt and cruel a Pike as ever pillaged the cabin, insulted the wife, and squirted tobacco over the dead body of a free state settler in Kansas. The other was worse, be-

cause craftier. A little man, stockish, oily, and red in the face. A jaunty fellow, too, with a certain shabby air of coxcombry even in his travel-stained attire.

They were well mounted, both. The long rufian rode a sorrel, big and bony as himself, and equally above such accidents as food or no food. The little villain's mount was a red roan, a Flathead horse, rather naggy, but perfectly hardy and wiry—an animal that one would choose to do a thousand miles in twenty days, or a hundred between sunrise and sunset. They had also two capital mules, packed very light. One was branded "A. & A."

Distrust and disgust are infallible instincts. Men's hearts and lives are written on their faces, to warn or charm. Never reject that divine or devilish record!

Brent read the strangers, shivered at me, and said, sotto voce, "What a precarious pair of cut-throats! We must look sharp for our horses while they are about."

"Yes," returned I, in the same tone; "they look to me like Sacramento gamblers, who have murdered somebody, and had to make trucks for their lives."

"The Cassius (referring to Cassius, who assassinated Caesar) of the pair is bad enough," said Brent; "but that oily little wretch sickens me. I can imagine him when he arrives at St. Louis, blossomed into a purple coat with velvet lapels, a brocaded waistcoat, diamond shirt-studs, or a flamboyant scarf pinned with a pinchbeck dog, and red-legged patent-leather boots, picking his teeth on the steps of the Planters' House. Faugh! I feel as if a snake were crawling over me, when I look at him."

"They are not very welcome neighbors to our friends here."

"No. Roughs abhor brutes as much as you or I do. Roughs are only nature; brutes are sin. I do not like this brutal element coming in. It portends misfortune. You and I will inevitably come into collision with those fellows."

"You take your hostile attitude at once, and without much reluctance."

"You know something of my experience. I have had a struggle all my life with sin in one form or other, with brutality in one form or other. I have been lacerated so often from unwillingness to strike the first blow, that I have at last been forced into the offensive."

"You believe in flooring Apollyon before he floors you."

"There must be somebody to do the merciless. It's not my business—the melting mood—in my present era."

"We are going off into generalities, apropos of those two brutes. What, O volunteer champion of virtue, dost thou propose in regard to them? When will you challenge them to the ordeal, to prove themselves honest men and good fellows?"

"Aggression always comes from evil. They will do some sneaking villainy. You and I will thereupon up and at 'em."

"Odd fellow are you, with your premonitions!"

"They are very vague, of course, but based on a magnetism which I have learnt to trust, after much discipline, because I refused to obey it. Look at that big brute, how he kicks and curses his mule."

"Perhaps he has stolen it, and is revenging his theft on its object. That brand, 'A. & A.', may remind him what a thief he is."

"Here comes the fat brother. He'll propose to camp with us."

"It is quite natural he should, saint or sinner—all the more if he is sinner. It must be terrible for a man who has ugly secrets to wake up at night, alone in bivouac, with a grisly dream, no human being near, and find the stars watching him keenly, or the great white, solemn moon pitying him, yet saying, with her inflexible look, that, moan and curse as he may, no remorse will save him from despair."

"Yes," said Brent, "night always seems to judge and sentence the day. A foul man, or a guilty man, so long as he intends to remain foul and guilty, dreads pure, quiet, orderly Nature."

The objectionable stranger came up to our camp-fire.

"Hello, men!" said he with a familiar air, "it's a fine night;" and meeting with no response, he continued: "But, I reckon, you don't allow nothin' else but fine nights in this section."

"Bad company makes all nights bad," says Jake Shamblerlain, gruffly enough.

"Ay; and good company betters the orneriest sort of weather. The more the merrier, eh?"

"Supposin' it's more perarrer wolves, or more rattlesnakes, or more horse-thieving, scalpin' Utes!" says Jake unprovokedly.

"O," said the newcomer a little uneasily, "I don't mean sech. I mean jolly dogs, like me and my pardener. We allowed you'd choose company in camp. We'd like to stick our pegs in alongside of yours, ef no gent haint got nothin' to say agin it."

"It's a free country," Jake said, "and looks poety roomy round here. You ken camp whar you blame please—off or on."

"Well," says the fellow, laying hold of this very slight encouragement, "since you're agreeable, we'll fry our pork over your fire, and hev a smoke to better acquaintance."

"He ain't squimidge," said Jake to us, as the fellow walked off to call his comrade. "He's bound to ring himself into this here party, whoever says stickleback. He's one of them Algerines (inhabitants of Algiers in

North Africa) what don't know a dark hint, till it begins to make motions and kicks 'em out. Well, two more men, with two regiments' allowance of shootin' irons won't do no harm in this Ingine country."

"Well, boys!" said the unpleasant fellow, approaching again. "Here is my pardener, Sam Smith, from Sacramento; what he don't know about a horse ain't worth knowin'. My name is Jim Robinson. I ken sing a song, tell a story, or fling a card with any man, in town or out er town."

While the strangers cooked their supper my friend and I lounged off apart upon the prairie. A few steps gave us a capital picture. The white wagon; the horses feeding in the distance, a dusky group; the men picturesquely disposed about the fire, now glowing ruddy against the thickening night. A gypsy scene.

"I am never bored," said Brent to me, "with the company or talk of men like those, good or bad. Homo sum; nil humani (I am a man—nothing about men fails to interest me), and so forth—a sentiment of the late Plautus, now first quoted."

"You do not feel a reaction toward scholarly society."

"No, this Homeric life, with its struggle against elements, which I can defy if I please, and against crude forces in man or nature, suits the youth of my manhood, my Achilles epoch. The world went through an epoch of just such life as we are leading. Every man must, to be complete and not conventional."

"A man who wants to know his country and his age must clash with all the people and all the kinds of life in it. You and I have had the college, the salon, the club, the street, Europe, the Old World, and Yankeeedom through and through; when do you expect to outgrow Ishmael, my Jonathan?"

"Whenver Destiny gives me the final touch of merit, and names me Lover."

"What! Have you never been that happy wretch?"

"Never. I have had transitory ideals. I have been enchanted by women willowy and women dumpy; by the slight and colorless mind and body, by the tender and couleur de rose, and by the buxom and ruddy. I have adored Zobeide and Hildegard, Dolores and Dorothy Ann, Imp and angel, spirit and fiend. I have had my little irritation of a foolish fancy, my sharp scourge of an unworthy passion. I am heart-whole still, and growing a little expectant of late."

"You are not cruising the plains for a lady-love! It is not, 'I will wed a savage woman?' It is not for a Pawnee squaw that you go clad in skins and disdain the barber?"

"No. My business in Cosmos (Cosmos means the universe) is not to be the father of half-breeds. But, soberly, old fellow, I need peace after a life driven into premature foeman-ship. I need tranquillity to let my character use my facts. I want the bitter drawn out of me, and the sweet fostered. I yearn to be a lover."

As he said this, we had approached the camp-fire. Jim Robinson, by this time quite at home, was making his accomplishments of use. He was debasing his audience with a vulgar song. The words and air jarred upon both of us.

"Nil humani a me alienum puto, I repeat," said Brent, "but the foul stuff is not the voice of humanity. Let's go look at the horses. They do not belie their nobler nature, and are not in the line of degradation. I can not harden myself not to shrink from the brutal element wherever I find it; whether in two horse-thieves on the plains, or in a well-dressed reprobate of society at the club in New York."

"Brutes in civilization are just as base, but not so blatant."

"Old Pumps and the Don, here, are a gentler and more honorable pair than these strangers."

"They are the gentlemen of their race."

"It's not their cue to talk; but if the gift of tongues should come to them, they would disdain all vulgar discourteous words. They do now, with those brave eyes and scornful nostrils, rebuke whatever is unmanly in men."

"Yes; they certainly look ready to co-operate in all (The knights of old were bound to respect and protect all women) knightly duties."

"One of those, as I hinted before, is riding down villains."

We left our horses, busy at their suppers, beside the dattlike bawling river, and walked back to camp. Jim Robinson had produced cards. The men of the mail party were intent over the game. Even Jake Shamblerlain had easily forgotten his distrust of the strangers. The two suspects, whether with an eye to future games, or because they could not offend their comrades and protectors for this dangerous journey, were evidently playing fair. Robinson would sometimes exhibit a winning hand, and say, with an air of large liberality, "Ye see, boys, I ked rake down yer dimes, ef I chose; but this here is a game among friends. I'm playin' for pastime. I've made my pile oleddy, and so's my pardener."

(To be continued.)

Contestants of the will of Mellen Chamberlain in Boston have executed a release to the trustees of the Boston public library of any interest which they may have in the "Mellen Chamberlain collection," which was bequeathed to the library. This collection, which is valued at \$100,000, is composed of autographs, portraits, photographs, genealogical, historical and literary property.

THE HOME.

(Edited pro tem by the Manager.)

"Oh, They are Married."

"Oh, they are married!" said my friend, in her most aggressively positive tone, as the young couple who had been lunching opposite us arose and left the crowded restaurant.

"Why do you say that?" I enquired curiously.

"Well, in the first place, when they came in he showed not the slightest solicitude about her seat, but allowed her to drop down anywhere. Then he ordered the lunch without consulting tastes; and they hardly spoke to each other while they sat at the table. Moreover she wore a wedding-ring."

I incline to think my observing friend was entirely right in her diagnosis. The young people were evidently on pleasant terms with each other, but it was plain they considered it quite unnecessary to sustain a conversation, preferring to eat their lunch in martial indifference and silence.

"I make a point," my friend added "and often rack my brain to it—of carrying on an animated conversation with my husband when we are in a public place or traveling. The other day I was in a street-car near a husband and his wife, who sat beside each other in utter dumbness every inch of the way from Boston to S. It exasperated me just to look at them," and she laughed heartily. Is it right for married people to grow careless towards each other and neglectful of the small courtesies of life? Must a wife forego any loverlike attentions from her husband in these utilitarian days? I fancy women never outgrow the craving for those delicate chivalrous attentions which a true gentleman never neglects, but which are so often relegated to "courtin'" days only. Nowadays it is almost invariably the well-dressed, prosperous looking man who remains glued to his seat in the crowded car, with women swaying from the straps; while the working-man, weary with his days toil, shows a fine courtesy and good breeding by offering his seat to the aged lady or the woman with a baby.

"Are you sure," queries a voice at my elbow, "that the women themselves are not to blame, in these days of the 'new woman' and her general 'emancipation'?"

I smiled blandly, and as I have no time just now to consider the question, I pass it on.—Zion's Herald.

There are few ailments as uncomfortable as piles, but they can easily be cured by using Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment. Relief follows its use, and any one suffering from piles cannot afford to neglect to give it a trial. Price, 50 cts. in bottles, tubes 75 cts. S. E. Welch Jr.

Repair That Loom!

Homespun is coming in fashion again, and our girls should keep up the art of spinning. Berea College is finding a market for the products of fireside industry which may bring education and comfort to many homes.

We can pay for well-woven linen 40 cents a yard, jeans 60 cents, linsey 50 cents, well-matched bed coverlets \$4 to \$6. Patent dyes not accepted—old-fashioned indigo preferred.

For information address, JOSEPHINE A. ROBINSON, Homespun Exchange, Berea, Ky.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARACTER to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$900 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE FARM.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. MASON, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College.

Save the Forests.

J. P. BROWN, Secretary of Indiana Forestry Association.

(Continued from last week.)

The sandy soils of Florida, the grandest orange groves of the world, were noted for excellence of fruit and regularity of production, but the wholesale clearing of the pine forests has invited frost after frost, until ruin has threatened that industry.

Trees maintain an even temperature, modifying the colds of winter and heat of summer.

A hyacinth possesses so great a quantity of heat as to thaw a foot of frozen soil, while pushing its flower stem upward, and we shelter our stock within a forest.

Many of the Southern lands are annually burned over to advance the young grass for grazing; young forest growths are destroyed, while the vegetation which should enrich the land by its decay is totally destroyed by fire, save where moisture is present, and in such places has accumulated the rich mould of the hummocks.

The oak and hard woods of Kentucky, West Virginia, North Carolina, Arkansas and Tennessee are being consumed with great rapidity.

Railway companies are striving each for its share of ties; oil interests penetrate the farthest mountain recesses for staves; while the demand for spoke and wagon timber is so great that agents are on the ground constantly seeking oak for these uses.

What will the next generation do for hard woods, unless the growing timber is better protected from the spoiler?

The farmer and land owner should know that if cared for these young trees will grow rapidly into money value, while if the land is cleared it will soon be worthless for agricultural uses.

Dredge Ditching.

One ditching and dredging company claims to have made over 185 miles of large, open ditches since 1895. This work has been done in Knox and Sullivan counties, this State, and in counties in Ohio, Michigan and Illinois; half of it is in Knox county, this state. This work has doubled the value of many thousands of acres of land and it brought valueless tracts into high priced farm property.—Indiana farmer.

To Whom it may Concern:

This is to certify that we have investigated Messrs. Chas. L. Pettis & Co., Buyers of country produce, 404 Duane Street, New York, and find them to be worthy of all credit and financially able to fulfill any contract that they might make, and cheerfully recommend them to all dealers in produce, as a sound financial house to sell to.

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For information and friendly advice address the Vice-President,

GEO. T. FAIRCHILD, L. L. D. - Berea, Madison Co., Ky.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. DIMSMORE, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Sense, training Games.

OLIVE S. AXTELL.

The following game is helpful in developing observation and concentration of thought.

Have a child stand in the front part of the room, with his back to the school and name all the pupils, in regular, order, in a certain row. Vary the game by asking some such question as: Who sits in the second row from the north, third seat from the back, etc.?

Observation and Quickness of Perception.

Children close eyes while teacher touches three or four which signifies that they are to pass into the hall. After they have passed out, the children open eyes, look quickly. Close eyes. Someone then names those who are absent. If he names them all correctly he is allowed to run to the door and bring the others in.

Power of Description, Clear Imaging and Sense of Touch:

Let a blindfolded child stand before the class while another pupil describes one whose name is to be guessed. If the child fails to guess from the description, the pupil may step in front of him. Let the first one put his hand on the last's head or shoulders and he will very soon recognize him.

Observation and Alertness:

Select two solids and place on a chair, window, or in some convenient place. Call upon a child to choose another whom he would like to have run with him. Tell them we are going to have a race and that each one must look directly at the solid which he is going to get. At the signal, "One, two, three; go!" they run, get the solid, take it to the teacher and the other children tell who won the race.

Memory and Clearness of Thought:

Have several pupils stand in front of class. Let as many children give each of these a solid with which they are all familiar. Each is to hold the solid up high for just a moment then put it behind him. Ask a child to stand and tell what solid each one had and who gave it to him. If the answer is right the pupil shows the solid again. It often adds interest to allow the children to clap softly for the winner.

Hearing:

Listen children and tell all the sounds you hear, all you heard on the way to school. Those who can write them.

Sense of Touch and Judgement:

Have class with backs to table put a solid into the hands of a child, as simple one at first, tell him to feel the edges and surfaces all over, carefully, then place it back on the table and have him find it or describe it; as, was a three inch cube, or It was square prism 3 inches by 3 inches 4 inches.

Device for Training the Ear:

With the children watching a tap on the floor, desk, book, glass, etc. Have children close eyes while you repeat the process. them to look and some one tell proper order, what objects were struck.

Memory and Close Attention:

Have some child in the "A" class name four pupils in the "B" class. Another name all that he did and several more until all that can readily be held in mind are named.

Hearing and Memory:

Have several pass to different parts of the room while the rest hide eyes. At a signal each child asks some such question as the following: Where am I? Can you find me? Can you point towards me? While they point in the direction from which the sound came or tell where he is; as John is in the back part of the room by the door, or by the middle window, etc.

Sight:

Hang a basket at the top of the black board. Have children stand a little way back, aim straight and see how many can throw a small rubber ball into the basket. This is real fun for the children as well as an excellent training for the sight.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

Correspondence.

Owsley County.

Gabbard. Christmas passed off quietly at this place except the sound of guns and fire-crackers.

Rev. Sherman Anderson, of Wolf Creek, moved to Jackson county last week and Rev. L. C. Roberts will soon occupy the house vacated by him.

Lafayette Gabbard and wife of Clay county spent Christmas with relatives at this place.

Wm. States and wife went to Perry county last week to spend Christmas with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Moore of Indian Creek visited relatives on Lower Buffalo Christmas.

Albert States and wife of Wolf Creek visited Mrs. Margaret Moore Christmas.

Henry Campbell and wife of Fish Trap visited Mrs. Margaret Moore last week.

Alice Baker of Cow Creek visited relatives and friends on Indian Creek last week.

Meredith Gabbard started for Berea Wednesday to enter school. Many more young people are starting or planning to start soon.

Booneville.—Mr. Chas. L. Rose of Clark County, is visiting his relations in Owsley County.

It seems as though the majority of Owsley is at Berea this winter.

L. C. Rose who has been suffering from something like erysipelas, has about recovered.

Rev. W. H. Crane has commenced a protracted meeting at the M. E. Church on Meadow Creek, near Booneville.

Squire Smith of Jackson County, is visiting among friends here.

Madison County.

Peytontown.—Mrs. Annie White was the guest of her sister, Lizzie White, last Sunday.

Miss Dollie Burnam of Cincinnati was the guest of her mother, Julia Burnam, last week.

Albert White and Henry Tevis were in Lancaster last week on business.

Harry Turner and wife, who have been working for Mr. Morgan, near Whites Station, have moved to Peytontown.

There was a Christmas tree at the home of Mrs. Robert Warner, on Wednesday evening for the children.

Mason County.

Maysville. The holidays are over and everything seems to be bright and cheerful for the beginning of the new century.

Miss Lucile Dinwiddie spent Christmas with her parents in Danville.

Richard Thomas of Mayslick died of concussion of the brain. As he was such a bright, industrious youth, he will be greatly missed in the community in which he lived.

Miss Mary Britton spent the holidays at her home at North Fork.

Miss Hattie Williams is home on a visit to her mother. She has been attending school in Cincinnati.

Richard Strawder and Miss Rosa Watts were quietly wedded Monday evening Dec. 24, Rev. Travis Johnson officiating. The bride is an estimable young lady of an amiable disposition, while the groom is one of Mason's most industrious farmers.

Jackson County.

Clover Bottom. Miss Laura Laine is visiting at Berea this week.

John D. Creech was taking Christmas here last week.

Many young people starting for Berea—better late than never.

The little daughter of Jessie Murphy was burned Tuesday at this place.

C. H. Parkey has been here visiting among his old acquaintances. He returned to his home in Sedalia, Tenn., December 29.

Mrs. Wm. Rucker was thrown from a horse and broke her arm.

The meeting closed at the Baptist Church, last Sunday with 28 additions to the Church.

Mr. John Deane commences a subscription school in District No. 38, Monday, 31 inst. We hope to be able to report the number in attendance next week.

Mr. Granville Hays will take possession of the Trent farm, next week.

Rev. Jas. Lunford preached at the Christian Reform Church, Sunday.

Miss Laura Hatfield expects to enter school shortly.

Mr. Thomas Kirly, formerly from Ohio, has returned to this place.

The Citizen is being well circulated here. We wish a Happy New Year to its readers.

WATCH NIGHT SERMON, 1900.

By President Frost.

Matt. VII. 11. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in Heaven give good things to those that ask him."

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS: Time is a great river that flows on, and on, and on forever. And you and I, each in our little boat, are floating, floating down that mighty stream. We do not make our boats move, they are carried along by a resistless current, down the river of time toward the great ocean of eternity.

The points we have once passed along the bank we can never revisit. We can remember the scenes of other years, but we can not go back and visit them again. We pass them as men upon a raft pass the trees and landmarks on the shore. And we make but the one voyage. We pass each Sabbath day, each birth day, each New Year's day, once and never again. So it is that a wise man has said, "If I can do any act of kindness, if I can speak any word of cheer, if I can perform any service for my neighbor, let me do it now, and not put it off, for I shall not pass this way again."

And our companions change as the stream flows. I dreamed the other night that I was a boy again, talking with my father. Yes, when I began this voyage my boat was the center of a fleet of boats that have now disappeared. My father, my mother, my grandparents, and others were sailing beside me. They were older and better sailors than I, and I was protected by them. But one by one their boats have disappeared. There are two ladies in distant places, with whom I was acquainted when I was a little child. With that exception all the boats that were sailing with me are gone. In a voyage of six and forty years I have out-sailed them all. I am not alone, for others have joined me. I have let go the hands of my grandparents, and my father and mother, and my early teachers; and I have taken the hands of my wife, my children, and my pupils.

We pass tonight a great landmark. We are permitted to see a little of two centuries. In the century past we had a part, and the rest belonged to our fathers, and our grandfathers. In the century to come we shall have some part—we know not how much—and the rest will belong to our children and our grandchildren. Many men, like Mr. Moody, have lived, and wrought a great work, and died, without ever seeing the beginning or the end of a century.

The progress of Christ's Kingdom has, very properly, been our first thought. And about that there is no doubt or question. Christ's Kingdom has its reverses and delays, but whenever we look over the years we see its advance. The world is growing better. Every year there are more tongues that sing, more knees that bow, and more hearts that exult in Christ our Savior. He is gathering the material for a Day of Triumph, and Heaven is to be thronged with the armies of the redeemed.

But my friends, what is the triumph of Christ's Kingdom to us except so far as we have a part in it? If there is to be a glorious war, I want to be a soldier. If there is coming a Day of Victory, you want to be there. It would be to you and me only the aggravation of despair to stand with those of whom Christ spoke, who see Abraham, and Isaac, and the saints entering into the kingdom, and they themselves thrust out.

And so you are asked to turn from thinking about the progress of Christ's Kingdom in the world, and spend these last precious moments in thinking about Christ's Kingdom in your own heart. We are to close this century on our knees, and my words will be most useful if they can help to make you ready for this midnight prayer.

We shall be praying at an hour when Jesus often prayed. Few of us have been so often on our knees at midnight as was Jesus. We sometimes wake with a vague sense of fear in the night, and then we pray. We are sometimes in prayer at midnight because of sickness, or some storm or fire. But tonight we are here because we would not make the great passage from the 19th century to the 20th in unconsciousness, and because it is an hour of perfect quiet when we can well set our thoughts upon eternal things. We shall be praying at an hour when Jesus often prayed.

And now what shall we ask for as we swing into a new century? What needs and desires have we that are worthy of being brought to God's throne tonight?

God, my friends is ready to bestow favors. This is the heart of my message. If I can bring you to see but a little of his loving anxiety to bless us, if you may be persuaded of his kind care and infinite power to help us, if you can be led to believe the statement of our text, then we shall all go from this place forgiven, and enriched, and uplifted, and "endued with power from on high."

God takes the example of an earthly parent. Does a father love to protect and provide for his child? Does a mother rejoice in caring for her baby? Do parents willingly sacrifice their own comfort in the glad endeavor to help their sons and daughters become established in life? Did Jacob mourn for his lost son Joseph, and rejoice when he was found again? Did David yearn over his son Absalom, even in his rebellion? "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father

give good gifts to them that ask him."

Let us not ask God for small things tonight. We have the right to ask him for small things. Nothing that affects our welfare is too small for his care. But on this great occasion let us ask for great things—the greater things which will include the less.

It is said that a soldier who had performed some daring service was told by the king to ask any reward which he might choose. The soldier asked for a horse. The king gave him a beautiful horse, but as he rode away the king said, "I expected to have given him a dukedom, but if he only asked for a horse then he is only worthy of a horse."

Certainly we are not worthy of anything we do not ask for. And really nothing can be given us unless we desire it. A parent may wish to educate his son, but he can not give him an education if the boy does not desire it. So God may wish to give you great blessings, but he cannot give them unless you will prepare your heart by prayer for the receiving of them.

But, O my friends, I believe that deep down in your heart, where you seldom go yourself, perhaps,—deep down in your heart, there is a desire for God's great blessings. You have in your mind an image of the kind of man, the kind of woman, you would like to be. We call such an image in the mind an ideal. There is the ideal of your better self—stronger, wiser, calmer, more cheerful and happy, more useful and true. When you sit down by yourself you realize how far you fall short of that ideal. As you struggle toward it you fail. And then you begin to long for help. Now God put that picture of a better self in your mind on purpose that he might make you desire to improve. And he wanted you to desire in order that you might pray. And he wanted you to pray in order that he might answer your prayer. In every aspiration, in every struggle for improvement, God is with you.

O my hearer, God is your father, and you are his child. You may be an unnatural child, an ungrateful child, a rebellious child—but you are his child still. He made you, and he made you to progress and to improve. Let us think a little about this Great Spirit to whom we pray—his law, his love, and his power.

What is the law of God? I fear many of you are not ready with an answer. The Bible is a big book, and it takes a very wise and diligent man to master its contents. But if we cannot know at once all that is in the Bible, we can learn the most important things easily and soon. Let me ask you to mark in your Bible three passages besides our text tonight. The first of these passages is in the xii chapter of Matthew, beginning at the 35th verse, "Then one of them which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him and saying, Master, which is the great commandment in the law?"

I am glad that lawyer asked that question. If I had been with Jesus I should have wished to ask him the same. It was a good question. We all want to know the things which are most important. Our minds grow confused when we try to remember too many things. But let us be sure not to forget the great things. And here is one of the very greatest things which Jesus ever told—Which is the great commandment?

"Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment."

"And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

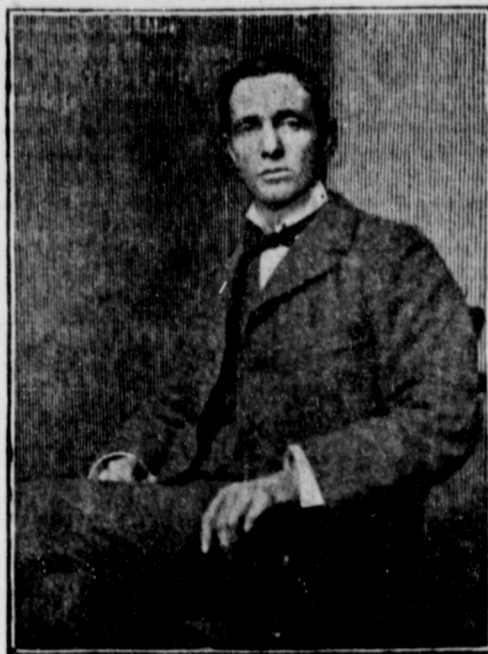
And then he added, to show how important these are, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

That is God's law—the law of love. You will notice that the second commandment takes it for granted that you shall love yourself. Loving yourself as long as you love God, and love your neighbor as yourself, is not selfishness. So the law in full would be: Love God, love yourself, and love your neighbor as yourself.

Could there be any law more natural, more fair, more necessary, more reasonable?

Love to God ought to be as certain as love to a parent. Nay, more certain for parents are always imperfect, and often unworthy. No person can allow himself to think rightly about God without loving him. It is only by forgetting God, and misrepresenting him, that men withhold their love.

And to love one's self would seem to be a law of nature. It is only a



PRESIDENT FROST

very thoughtless person who can imagine that he has a right to ruin himself. Yet here again we see the insanity of sin. Men who will fight to the death against anyone who wrongs them, will wrong themselves in the highest degree.

To love one's neighbor as himself, may seem more difficult. But this is not the love of approval or satisfaction, but the love which makes us interested in the true welfare of our neighbor as of ourself. And this is the thing we most admire in every hero, and in every one we love.

The law of love is no tyrannical and oppressive thing, but a law which God must enforce for the good of all his children. If there were no God to enforce it, it would still be our duty to love ourselves and our neighbor as ourselves. We love God the more as we understand the sweet reasonableness of his law.

And here is the crushing condemnation of those who shall be condemned at the last. If they could find any fault with the law they might nerve themselves to bear the penalty, but when they realize the absolute kindness and necessity of the law they will call upon the rocks and the mountains to fall on them to cover them from the eyes of the loving Father who must execute his righteous laws.

The law is all right. Every effort is made to persuade every soul to obey it. Those who disobey it are still invited to repent. After all that, those who persist in wickedness must be punished with a vengeance that is terrible. There is no help for them and no thought of comfort that can sustain their heart, no drop of water to cool their tongue. The thing that makes God's vengeance awful is the fact that it is necessary and just.

The love of God is shown most clearly in his feelings toward those who have broken his law.

The second passage I have asked you to mark is the xviii chapter of Matthew, beginning at the 11th verse: "For the Son of Man is to come to save that which was lost. How think ye? If a man has an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoices more of that sheep than of the ninety and nine which went not astray."

We do not always feel in that way toward the people who have gone astray, but God is kinder than we. When we see men or women who have gone astray we are very apt to despise them, to look down on them, to be hard on them—but God loves them still. How easy is it for sinners to condemn their fellow sinners! We point the finger of scorn; we are filled with foolish pride at our own virtue. How long we remember the faults and failings of our neighbors. I sometimes sit down to talk at a fire-side, and the people start out to talk, and all their talk is about their neighbors, and all that they have to say about them is to tell their shortcomings.

"There is neighbor So-and-so, mighty nice man, fine talker—you would not think that he was drunk last Christmas, now, would ye? Well he was. And there is a heap of wickedness round here right among church members. The best man in the church now, I can remember when he was measuring logs twenty years ago, and he measured so as to make money for himself. And there's another church member that let his cattle get into my lot five years ago. He came up and paid the damages all right, and said he was sorry. But I told him he never ought to have been so careless with his cattle."

That is the way many people talk, storing up the memory of every wrong action, and setting down every person who has ever done anything wrong as a hopeless case.

Now God does not look at sin that way. He knows that sinners can be reformed. It is God's great business to reform sinners. He is like a doctor. A doctor does not kick a man because he is in bad health—but sets about curing him. So God, and wise men, do not abuse a man because he has done wrong—but set about curing him of the leprosy of sin.

But God is even better than this—God takes a special interest in the one who has gone astray. A mother is likely to love a little crippled child even better than the others, because the crippled child needs her the most.

But the best example is Christ's own example of the shepherd. The shepherd loves all his sheep, but he forgets those that are safe in his anxiety for the one that is not safe. He

leaves the ninety and nine and goes to the mountain to seek the one that is gone astray. That is the picture, that is the scene, that is the example that shows us God's heart towards the sinner. God is for saving him.

But remember this, God himself cannot save the sinner against the sinner's will. If the sheep hides from the shepherd, if the lamb that has gone astray runs away from the shepherd and runs among the wolves, nothing can prevent it from being devoured. There is no safety except in God's fold.

God's power. So we have seen God's law of love, and God's heart of love. Let us think a moment of God's power. If we ask him, if we trust him, is God able to deliver us from temptation, weakness and sin?

As you are going home tonight stop a moment and look up at the stars. This same God who has the law of love and the heart of love is holding those bright torches in the sky. Does it not look as if he had some power?

And the power which he shows in the heavens, and in the tempest, and in all the works of creation—that power is ready to help all who ask for it in the struggle with sin and sorrow in this life.

Mark another passage in your bible, John x., 27. "My sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father that gave them to me is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand."

So I hope we are becoming a little acquainted with God. Do we not feel already like praying to such a heavenly Father? Is there one of us who could wish to live in the world and be a stranger to God? Would you be an orphan when you have a father and mother? Would you be a tramp when you have a home and a fireside? Would you be a wandering sheep when there is a kind shepherd looking for you?

And now what shall we ask of God? We have put off our interview with him too often and too long. Have you not sometimes felt as you rose from your knees that you had not really prayed. And are there not some here who have long wished that you and your heavenly Father were on good terms, and have been putting off and putting off the time of reconciliation—the time when you would seek the Lord? We have put it off till the last hour of the year—will you pray tonight?

The first thing we want is pardon. We do not all know what is the matter with us, but we are all burdened by a load of guilt. In our own hearts we know that we have sinned. We have done foolishly, we have been reckless, and greedy, and unreasonable. We have dishonored God, we hurt ourselves, we have damaged our neighbors. We are burdened by a load of guilt.

Now our sins and follies cannot be undone or forgotten, but they can be forgiven. God is anxious to forgive us, and his forgiveness is complete and absolute. When a man forgives he sometimes does it reluctantly, and says, "Well, I will forgive, but I'll never forget." That is not the way with God. He says, "I will remember your transgression no more. As far as the East is from the West so far will I remove your transgressions from you." When God forgives he treats us as though we had never sinned. He remembers our weakness and protects us against temptation, but he bears no grudge. "Although your sins are as scarlet, they shall be as white as wool."

Oh, are we not all eager for that forgiveness? Are we not thirsty for it? Would we not undertake any long journey, or any pain or penance in order that we might be made free from guilt? We can be free now and here if we will sincerely ask God to pardon us.

The next thing we want is power. How shall we resist temptation? How shall we bear the burdens of life? How shall we perform the tasks God sets before us?

Most of us are groaning under our tasks and duties. People ask us, "How do you come on?" and we answer, "Oh, just slowly, just muddling, just a-crawling." We use the word, "hard" till we pretty nearly wear it out—hard work, hard times, hard lessons, hard luck. And then we begin to shirk. We perform our duties in a half and half way. We omit much that we are expected to do.

I am reminded of some of the teams which were working on the pike. Some of them were small, weak, poorly-fed, uncurried discouraged looking horses, that seemed hardly able to stand up. They reminded me of the man who ran into a livery stable and said, "Do you make horses here?" "Make horses here?" said the stable man, "make horses here—what do you mean?" "Oh," said the man, "I saw some frames of horses standing in the street, and I thought maybe you were making horses in here." Well I noticed that the sorrier the horses were the smaller the load had to be. And so it is with us—the less power, and faith, and enthusiasm we have, the smaller the loads that we can pull.

And there was another thing I learned from the teams on the pike—the poor, weak horses, when the load was ready to start, would bite each other. And it is likely to be the same way with folks. If there is not very much to them, and the load is heavy, they reach over like one of these horses, and bite each other!

Now shall we ask God to lighten our burdens? No, No. Let us ask him to give us more power! It would be a kind man more would come along to one of these sorry teams on the

pike and say, "I will carry half your load for you." The teamster would say, "Thank you sir," and the poor frames of horses would look grateful. But something better than that might happen. A man might come along and say, "Your team is weak, I will hitch an extra team of stout horses on ahead of it." Then the load would be as nothing, because there is more power.

Now God will do just that for each one of us if we will ask him—he will reinforce our flagging energy, and give us more power.

That is what he did for Paul. Paul had a load to pull, a thorn in the flesh, and he besought the Lord thrice that it might be removed! Then the Lord answered him and said, "It is not best, Paul, that I should remove that load, that thorn, but I will give you more power to bear it—my grace is sufficient for thee."

There are many people in this room who have had a like experience. We have knelt down weak and arisen strong; we have asked the Lord for reinforcement and the reinforcement has come. Do you remember the hymn: "I'll lay my burdens at thy feet and bear a song away"? Somebody must have written that hymn who had been strengthened by God in answer to prayer.

A sinner is hopelessly in the mire. When he prays to God he receives, together with pardon, this extra power to help out his own strength—instead of two weak horses he has a four horse team.

But, my friends, some Christians have more than that. Some Christians have a six horse team, or an eight horse team. Then they can not only move, but move swiftly, joyfully, and draw their neighbors along with them. I wish to say to the best people who are here tonight, you have not yet as much power as the Lord wants to give you. Will you ask for the power that you really need tonight—the power that God wishes to give you?

And you, dear friends, whom we have never known to pray, will you pray tonight? We are passing a great landmark. With the coming of this new year you must make some change—for the better or for the worse. You have intended to seek the Lord, but have put it off, and put it off, and we are at the very end of the old year. And how swiftly the stream of time flows! We did not think that midnight would come so soon, but it is here. Your salvation, your happiness, your destiny, now that God has done and offered all, is in your hands alone. Let us pray.

METHODS OF MORMON MISSIONARIES.

BY REV. WM. R. CAMPBELL.

(Continued from last week.)

The substance of what they will give you in these conversations and in these tracts is as follows:

At the proper time, as it seems to them, they will say: "We are missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints" ("thereby misleading all who have never happened to hear the Mormon Church called by this euphonious name." "We believe in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the same as all other Christians do" (thereby leaving the impression that they believe in the orthodox doctrine of the trinity, which they do not). "We believe in the Bible as the Word of God, given by divine inspiration" (never intimating that they believe in other Scriptures that are later and "better adapted to these times" than the Bible). "We hold some views which are a little different from the views held by other denominations; but we do not ask any one to believe anything which we cannot prove by this Bible, (holding up the Bible)." In all their preliminary instructions they take care to begin in such a way as to keep unsuspecting Christian people from seeing the divergence of Mormonism from Christianity, and to proceed in such a way that when the divergence afterward appears, it will seem to the ordinary mind so slight as to be immaterial. The following is the substance of what they will say as they proceed:

"We believe that faith is the first principle of the Gospel." They follow this statement by elaborate quotations of Scripture to show that faith is necessary to salvation, without intimating that their definition of faith is entirely different from that of Christian people.

They then continue by saying: "We believe that repentance is the second principle of the Gospel." Again they quote Scriptural passages to prove the necessity of repentance, all this time leaving you under the impression that their idea of repentance is the same as the Christian idea.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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